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COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1819.

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SECOND EDITION.

As notified in the Register of last week, the Publisher had been threatened with a Prosecution on account of alleged libellous matter contained in this number. The Publisher has since obtained *Proof* that he was, in publishing this Number, publishing nothing but Truth, and, therefore, unhesitatingly, prints a Second Edition.

On account of the expence of postage, and the extra trouble given to the *Wholesale Venders*, by the Suspension of the publication of this Number, the present Edition will be supplied to them at Five Pounds a Thousand,

TO

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

LETTER XI.

On the Rump-Farce at the Crown and Anchor, 17th November, 1818; and particularly on the conduct of Sir Francis Burdett and that of Cleary and his associate Wright with regard to the Forgery.

North Hampstead, Long Island,
18 Jan. 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have before me, owing to the kindness of a friend, who has anticipated my newspaper files by send-

ing me an *OBSERVER*, an account of the farce, exhibited by the *Rump*, at the Crown and Anchor, on the 17th of November last. This farce, after the Rump had done all the mischief in their power; after having made a bad use of all the means which real public-spirit had put into their hands; after having, for years, intrigued for the dirtiest of purposes under the most fair professions: after having kept you out of parliament, and put in an enemy of our cause; after all this, and, drawing, as they manifestly do, fast towards the close of their scandalous career, the present (November) farce seems to have been judiciously chosen as a farewell performance: in public, I mean; for, the Baronet's fondness for the language of plays, may, perhaps, induce them to indulge in private *theatricals*; in which case the trifle, at the end of my *EIGHTH* Letter to you, is very much at their service.

But, the part of the *Crown-and-Anchor Farce*, and the only part,

which is worthy of particular notice, is that, wherein the actors endeavour to shuffle out of their base conduct towards me in the affair of the forgery. The facts of the transaction are these: At the late Westminster Election, Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Hunt were opposing Candidates. Sir Francis did not appear in person, but was represented on the hustings by a person named Cleary, who had been Secretary to him as Chairman of the Hampden Club. Mr. Hunt said a great deal against Sir Francis; and Cleary a great deal against Mr. Hunt. At last, Cleary brought to the hustings, and read there, a paper, purporting to be a Letter written *by me* in the year 1808, which paper spoke of Mr. Hunt as a bad man, as one who had abandoned his wife, and who was living with a *whore*. It was known to all the parties, that, since 1808, I had become not only very intimate with Mr. Hunt: but, that I had, since that time, on numerous occasions, held him forth, in my writings, as a man worthy of the confidence of the people. *After* Cleary had done

this, he was chosen to ride the *white horse* (emblem of purity) before Sir Francis, in a procession to celebrate the triumph of being second on the poll.

Now, if we *stop here*, we shall, surely, find baseness enough, even supposing that the letter had been really written by me, that it had been written to Cleary, that I had been a person whose conduct could have been thus impeached without any injury to that cause which Cleary professed to have at heart, and that the lady in question had been an utter stranger to Sir F. Burdett. There was a quarrel going on between Mr. Hunt and the Agent of Sir Francis. Had these latter, in order to injure their opponent, a right to bring out the contents of a private letter, written by a third party, and not intended to be made public, and that letter, too, relating to a family affair of a most delicate nature, and having no sort of connection with the quarrel that was going on? Suppose that Mr. Hunt, instead of being opposed by a person of such exemplary conjugal fidelity and fondness, and so

completely under the dominion of moral restraint, had been opposed by a man whose local movements were, with regard to his wife, that of two well-buckets with regard to each other; suppose this man to have had a child by another man's wife; suppose him to have, in an hour of fear, lodged a sum of money with the woman's friend for support of the child; suppose all this to have been at one time pretty well made known by his subsequent desire to get the money back again; suppose him to have played the *Tartuffe* so well as to have caused the matter to die away: suppose such a man as this opposed to Mr. Hunt; suppose Mr. Hunt to pull out and read a private letter, written ten years before mentioning this adulterous concern; and, suppose this letter to have been written by a man *now the friend and public eulogist* of Mr. Hunt's opponent. Suppose *all this*; and, then, suppose, if you can, the universal execrations which would have assailed the ears of Mr. Hunt! and, yet, the baseness of Mr. Hunt would, in such a case, have been far short of the baseness of his opponents on this occasion. For, leaving, for the present, the forging part of the story out of the

question, I, the pretended writer of the letter, was out of the country; I was a person for whom Cleary professed to entertain feelings of great respect; I was a person, who had, by he himself, but a short time before, been represented as the main prop of the cause; I, who had written his Petition, he must have thought that he was exposing to the vengeance of Mr. Hunt; and, the *lady* was a person whom Sir Francis Burdett had not only *visited*, but under whose roof he had frequently been entertained with politeness and hospitality for many days at a time, and that, too, long before I had ever been in the house of Mr. Hunt. When we take these circumstances into view, the conduct of the parties assumes, if possible, a deeper die of baseness: and, I say, *parties*, mind you, because, even if the present (the 17th November) proof of close connection between them had not come out, the mounting of Cleary on the White Horse, and his officiating under the Baronet at the Dinner, would have been quite sufficient to shew that Cleary was merely the *agent* in this mean and black transaction.

Thus, then, view the parties in the best light: look at them in

their Sunday-clothes: mount them, each on his milk-white Charger, even in this garb: hold them forth as bedecked according to their *own acknowledgments*: and then see if their situation be an object of envy, in the breast of any man, who is not actually going to the gallows for some ignominious offence.

However, they must not be suffered to go off with only half their load of infamy. It is the fate of feeble animals, when they get into mire, to bury themselves by their efforts to emerge; a complete instance of which we have in the conduct of these associates on the 17th of November last. Mr. Hunt, upon this occasion, produced my letter to the Editor of the New York Evening Post, declaring the letter read by Cleary at the hustings to be a *forgery*, done by himself, or got from a man, who had, in many instances, been guilty of a similar offence. Upon Mr. Hunt's bringing this charge, in my words, against the White-horse Gentleman, he, though he had been, as he said, *two months upon a sick-bed* (precious hypocrite!), was at the Meeting, and rose and spoke, the news-papers tell me, as follows:

"CLEARY now rose, evidently suffering under severe indisposi-

tion. He said, after what had fallen from Mr. Hunt, it was necessary that he should, ill as he was, address the electors—*(much disapprobation)*.

"MR. HUNT: I think a man with such a charge as this on his back, ought to be heard *(hear, hear)*.

"CLEARY: I have just risen from a sick bed, to which I have been confined almost two months. The letter that has been alluded to I have in my possession. If, Gentlemen, you will make room for me, I will go home and bring that letter; and, if it does not appear to be the letter of Mr. Cobbett—if you suppose that he did not use the words relative to Mr. Hunt, I will suffer myself to be sacrificed on the spot. Let the letter be laid before any man acquainted with Mr. Cobbett's hand-writing; and, if he does not declare it to be written by him, let me endure your heaviest displeasure (*Bravo, Cleary*).—*Labouring as I am under sickness*, it is not in my power to address you longer. (*Cleary then forced his way from the room*)."

Towards the close of the Meeting, Cleary returned, and pro-

duced the letter to Mr. Hunt, when that which follows took place:

"Mr. HUNT, upon inspecting the letter produced by Mr. Cleary, who had returned, immediately pronounced it a forgery, observing, that it was addressed to a person whom Mr. Cleary knew to have been guilty of forging Mr. Cobbett's name in other instances.

"Sir F. BURDETT observed, that whether the letter was a forgery or not *did not affect either Mr. Cleary or Mr. Hunt, the question lying entirely between Mr. Cobbett and his former partner or editor, Mr. Wright, to whom the letter was addressed.* The Honourable Baronet added, that he understood a facsimile of the letter would be published."

Oh, oh! Now we have it out! Now we have before us the *third* accomplice in this vile transaction. That *Wright* was their accomplice is all I wanted to see *proved*: and now it is proved. And, now, too, the Baronet comes plump into the thick of the mess. The Baronet is, like most other shufflers, a man of shifts and expedients. He was not aware, that it took but four

months, at most, to bring back his foul aspersions smack into his own teeth.

The Baronet, feeling himself mounted upon the same horse with Cleary, endeavours to ride off by representing Cleary as having nothing at all to do with the question; that, forsooth, it is a question resting solely between me and my former "*partner*" (as he has the mean malice to call him), and that Mr. Hunt and Cleary have nothing to do with it in any degree! But, surely, "*England's Glory*" will not deny, that Cleary had something to do in promulgating the letter! Surely, "*Westminster's Pride*" will not deny, that Cleary had something to do with the *character* of the man from whom he received the letter! Surely, this paragon of private and political purity will not maintain that his dear little friend had not only a right to promulgate the letter, but that it was right also to get it from a man such as Wright! Surely, the immaculate being, preceded by the milk-white charger, will not attempt to maintain, that the no less immaculate person who rode that charger, had a moral right to use against Mr. Hunt and a lady, and in favour of Sir Francis

Burdett, a letter, and such a letter, gotten from a man who stood charged with defrauding the pretended author of the letter, and who stood so charged upon the oath of *Sir Francis Burdett* himself. Surely, "Westminster's Pride and England's Glory" will not attempt to maintain this! yet this he must maintain, and make good, too, or else to the depth of his degradation there belongs a lower deep.

The Baronet calls this Wright my former *Partner* or *Editor*. This is with a view of *mixing me up* with Wright; and, as much as to say, "if it be a *forgery*, it is one of yourselves that committed the act." The meanness of this surpasses any thing of which I have ever yet conceived an idea. It is worthy of a priest, or an eunuch, and would not disgrace the invention of Sidmouth himself. We shall presently see, that this man, Wright, has been, long ago, much more a "*partner*" of the Baronet than he ever was of me.

You, my dear Sir, know the history of this Wright; you know all his tricks: all his attempts. The public do not, and I will not now trouble the public with a detail, which, if put in a suitable form, would make a *romance* in the words

of truth, far surpassing any thing that ever was imagined of moral turpitude. I will execute this task one day or other. If the caitiff should put forth any thing by way of palliation in the meanwhile, there is Mr. Walker, there is Mr. Margrave, there is my attorney, there are the documents, there is Mr. Swann, there is *Sir Francis Burdett* himself, there is my son John, who, though he was then a child, will never forget the big round drops of sweat, that, in a cold winter's day, rolled down the caitiff's forehead, when he was detected in fabricating accounts, and when I took Johnny by the hand (who had begun whimpering for "poor Mr. Wright") and said: "look at that man, my dear! Those drops of sweat are the effect of detected dishonesty! Think of that, my dear child, and you will always be an honest man!" Mr. Peter Walker and Mr. Swann were present at this scene, which took place in my room in Newgate in 1811.

This Wright never was a *partner* of mine, in any sense, usually attached to that word. He superintended the Parliamentary Debates and State Trials, and was to be paid for his labour in propor-

tion to the sale. I had *no Editor*, and why should I, *who wrote what I published?* But this man transacted for me *my business in London*, which consisted for the greater part, of receiving and paying money; and, in this capacity, among the other deeds, which I must suppose rendered him a person to be applied to, or, at any rate, *used* by Cleary upon the recent occasion, he did the deed, which I am now about particularly to notice.

In the year 1810, Sir Francis Burdett published a pamphlet, for which the Boroughmongers sent him to the Tower. This pamphlet he wrote at the lodging of Wright, who lived at a Taylor's of the name of Grainger, at No. 5, in Panton Square. How Sir Francis came to do it I cannot tell; for I was not the adviser. I was in town, however, and I saw him there. Wright had for a fellow-labourer in the State Trials, a Mr. HOWELL, a lawyer out of practice; and who, by the bye, having afterwards brought out a private letter of mine before an arbitrator, in order to assist Wright in his attempts upon my property, in a year or two had to beg me to afford the means of his *saving himself from the schemes of that very Wright*, acknowledging at the same time his

sorrow for his attempts in Wright's behalf. I gave him no answer; and, in about a week afterwards, I read in the news-papers, that he had *shot himself in a hackney coach!* A catastrophe, which I had no doubt was occasioned by this supporter of "*Westminster's Pride*." I was afterwards sorry, that I had not answered Mr. HOWELL, who was a very inoffensive man, and who had been the dupe of the craft of Wright.

This Mr. Howell assisted in the composition of the pamphlet, which was wholly unworthy the pen of Sir Francis. But, the truth really is, he grew tired of a parcel of law rubbish; and left it to his "*partners*," and every word, I believe, except what I altered, went to the press in Wright's hand-writing. *I wrote the Introductory Address*; and that, together with some other sentences, which stung the tyrants, sent the Baronet to the Tower. Now, mind, I by no means find fault with Sir Francis for having acted thus. Mr. Howell, though not in practice, was a learned lawyer, and Wright was a very clever amanuensis. But, since Sir Francis chooses to toss this Wright at me as a "*partner*," "*partner*" I fling the caitiff back in his teeth.

However, out of this literary

performance there arose a transaction, which brings us to the jet of these remarks; for, hitherto I have not shown that Sir Francis ever possessed any *proof* of the probability that Wright might be capable of forging a letter. • Amongst the other feats, which Wright performed, was that of borrowing money of my friends *in my name*. I was telling the late kind and generous and patriotic Mr. Bosville of this, and asked him, whether Wright had done this with him. He said *no*, and that Wright had never any money of him but the three hundred pounds *that I had written to him for and had desired him to give to Wright!* I had never written to him in my life on any such subject. He had not kept the letter; but he said, that *the writing was so much like mine*, that he gave him a check for the money at once. And, indeed, there was no man's writing, which this fellow could not imitate.

Some time in 1811, Sir Francis Burdett came to see me in Newgate, when I *shewed* him the *falsified accounts of Wright*. Upon looking into one of the books, the name of *Grainger* struck him. He had this name with *three hundred pounds* against it, or three hundred and fifty, I forget which, in a little

bit of a book that he carried in his pocket. It at once struck me, that Wright had got the money from him, and had taken the check in Grainger's name, in order that Sir Francis might forget, and not be able to trace the sum. Mr. Brown went to the Banker's and then to the Bank, and, by some means or other, found out, that the notes paid for the check, had got into, or, at least, out of, *Wright's hands*. Wright was now asked, whether he had ever received any money from Sir Francis Burdett, which he positively denied. Being asked how he came by Sir Francis's notes, he refused to answer. However, we begged Sir Francis to set to work and try to find out some proof of the thing. He had no recollection of any note, or promise, that he had received; but, after frequent spurring on, he found *Wright's note for the sum*. And, I was delighted, not only at the detection of Wright, but at the proof that there was another man in the world as careless as myself, though certainly with a better apology. We now had the caittiff again, for, perhaps, the fiftieth time. Sir Francis, to whose mind the promissory note had brought all the circumstances, came, *sworn* before the Arbitrator, and said,

very truly, I am sure, that Wright had, while he was at work upon the pamphlet, borrowed the money under pretence that he had a bill to pay *for me*, and, that, if Sir Francis would just give him a check for a day or so, it would prevent him (Wright) from quitting his writing. This was so *likely*, and it was so *unlikely* that such a man should want such a sum *for himself*; and the date of the note agreed so precisely with the *time of the copying of the pamphlet*; that truth was stamped on the face of what Sir Francis said. Indeed, his bare word, in such a case, was quite sufficient. Yet the caitiff, who had denied having had the money, had of course, *given me no credit for it on his account*. When, at last, the note was produced to his face, he said, that he had borrowed the money *for himself*; and, *that he never had told Sir Francis that it was for me*. As the note bore only the name of *Wright*, the Arbitrator would not suffer *me* to make Wright pay it, though I had the stock of books in my hands; and thus was Sir Francis left to seek his own remedy against Wright. However, I thought myself bound in honour to pay this Bill, and therefore assumed the Debt. Sir Francis gave me the Bill in 1812;

but, as I was in his debt for another and much larger sum, it remained amongst my papers until I came here, when I sent it home to my attorney to get it *endorsed*, (which both Sir Francis and myself had forgotten,) and to arrange with Sir Francis all matters relating to money between me and him, in order that I might, with as much dispatch as possible, make arrangements for liquidating the whole, the amount of this Bill and its interest included; which would have been done long enough ago, had it not been for that act of tyranny, vengeance for which and for my imprisonment in Newgate I will obtain, or die in my endeavours to obtain, and in which endeavours I make common cause with every oppressed man in England.

Here, then, we have the *source*; the *pure source*; the *milk-white steed source*, of the famous letter. And, what a figure do the parties *now* make? *How* did they come at the letter? *How* came Wright to give it to them? *Zeal in their cause*? Did zeal in the cause of *purity*, move him for them and against Mr. Hunt? What need Mr. Hunt to desire better than this? I dare say, that he will cordially agree to give them all the *Wrights in England*? Was it

money that obtained the letter from Wright? No matter. Let them twist which way they will, here we find *Wright and Cleary coming together and co-operating against Mr. Hunt*; we find Cleary on the milk-white steed *after this*; and we, at the November Meeting find the Baronet endeavouring to *defend Cleary*.

The Baronet says that he *understands* "that a *fac-simile* of the letter will be *published*." Oh! he *understands*, does he! I suppose he understands, that he is to pay for the publication? But what will this wise measure do? Will the *fac-simile* prove the thing *not to be a forgery*? This same fellow would, at a reasonable rate, treat the nation to *fac-similes* of the handwriting of every man of whom he ever saw the writing. To imitate hands-writing has been a *great part of his study*. I used to tell him, in jest, that he would be hanged for forgery. Let him take care, or the jest may become a prophesy. If we are to have a *fac-simile*, let us have his hang-dog portrait at the head of it, and written over: "this is the co-operator of Cleary and the supporter of England's Glory." Let the publication come forth under the patronage of the *Rump*, and all is complete.

Away with the shuffle, that Cleary might be *ignorant* as to who and what Wright was!—Not a man in London at all connected with the press but knows all about him. Cleary and the Rump knew him well. No doubt in the mind of any man that knows him of his having been a spy ever since the year 1811. When the milk-white steed comes forth again for God's sake let Wright have a place on the pillion; though, for, the honour of the horse, let it be clearly understood, that he is *compelled* to bear such a load.

Upon the supposition, that the Baronet did not know of the *intention* of Cleary to make use of such a letter against Mr. Hunt, what was the line of conduct which he ought to have pursued *afterwards*? To *disclaim* the base act, to be sure. To say, if *such means* be necessary to support me, let me fall: for, far better is it to fall, than to stand with Wright for a supporter. When the little malignant wretch, *William Gifford*, in a pamphlet published by *this very Wright*, combatted the satire of *Peter Pinder* by insinuating that Peter had *unnatural propensities*, Canning, Fere, and George Ellis, who were great patrons of Wright (then a Bookseller), *immediately discarded him, took their names out*

of a subscription at his shop, put a stop to a work that he was bringing out under their auspices, and, in short, shunned his shop as if it had been the seat of deadly infection. How different has been the conduct of Sir Francis Burdett! He hugs to his bosom, he shuffles and equivocates for, the foul reptile that has set all decency at defiance, that has resorted to the basest of means and that has associated his cause with the rankest of infamy. There seems to be going on a rivalry between him and Sidmouth; and, as the latter has his Oliver and Castles, the Baronet has his Cleary and Wright.

As to what passed at this meeting relative to the keeping up of the power and influence of the Rump; as to Daddy Sturch's doubts and hesitations; as to the fit of *vigour, decision, and promptitude* with which the Baronet was seized; as to the pure love of Reform in those amongst whom the Baronet "felt it impossible to carry *Major Cartwright*"; as to the Rump's crying out against "Peter Porcupine," while the Baronet thought it the safest way, even in such a meeting, to confine himself to an endeavour to "*damn with faint praise*;" as to his eulogium on the "*Noble House of Russel*," who, as he well knows, are boroughmongers, that would take

away our skins rather than give us back our rights; as to the determination, at last, to support Mr. HOBHOUSE in preference to MAJOR CARTWRIGHT; as to all these things it is useless to say a word. They are only one more proof, that there is no hope of a Reform but in the *bursting of the bubble*; at the very thought of which these *vile intriguers* shake, you may be assured, down to their very toe-nails. Mr. PERRY calls the sowing of Bank-Notes "*a diabolical suggestion*;" and so does Cherub Brooks, I'll warrant him. What the Rump wants is a *want of Reform*, that they may have something to make a noise about and to give them consequence. Success in what they pretend to be striving for would totally destroy them. The vile paper-money once destroyed, *talent and action* would be in vogue instead of intrigue, cant and bubble. The nation once restored to health and vigour at the root, the vermin that now lay their eggs and hatch their swarms under its leaves, would instantly die.

Before I conclude, I cannot, however, refrain from observing, that we here again find the Baronet at his old tricks. *Any thing to keep you out!* Who doubts, or can doubt, of the whole farce having been got up by him and the Rump?

He would fain have had for colleague the shrifty sprig of the "Noble" tree of Russel, so flourishing in the fat Abbey-Land Soil. That, however, he *dared* not openly avow, even in a meeting four-fifths packed. That would have smelt so strong of Boroughmongering and "*universal interests*", that the company would have discovered symptoms of disgust and nausea before his face. *The next best thing* was to have for colleague the Castle-reagh-Candidate; and this he appears to me to have taken effectual means to make sure of, unless the *Whigs* should put up a man of their own, in order to let the Baronet *feel*, that he is *their man*, or *nothing*. In either of these cases the RUMP are done for. They have chosen their cock; and they must carry him, or fall themselves into that obscurity, for which nature and common sense designed them; while you, to thwart and to keep down whom in order to gratify the wishes of their envious employer, it has, for years, been their constant endeavour, will be loved and revered by every sound-hearted Englishman, and by no one more than by

Your most obedient,
And most humble Servant,
WM. COBBETT.

FEARON'S FALSEHOODS.

To the Editor of the New York National Advocate.

Hyde Park, Jan. 9, 1819.

SIR—Before I saw your paper of the day before yesterday, giving some extracts from a book published in England, by one Fearon, I had written part of the following article, and had prepared to send it home as part of a Register, of which I send one every week. Your paper enabled me to make an addition to the article; and, in the few words below, I have this day sent the whole off, to be published in London. If you think it worth inserting, I beg you to have the goodness to give it a place; and I beg the same favor at the hands of all those editors who may have published Fearon's account of what he calls *his visit* to me.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WM. COBBETT.

There is, I am told, one FEARON, who has gone home and written and published a book, *abusing this country and its people, in the grossest manner*. I only hear of it by letter. I hear, also, that he *speaks of me as if he knew me*. I will tell you how far he knows

me. I live at a country-house, 20 miles from New York. One morning, in the summer of 1817, a young man came into the hall, and introduced himself to me under the name of FEARON. The following I find about him in my journal:—"A Mr. FEARON came this morning and had breakfast with us. Told us an odd story about having slept in a black woman's hut last night for sixpence; though there are excellent taverns at every two miles along the road. Told us a still odder story about his being an envoy from a *host of families* in London, to look out for a place of settlement in America; but he took special care *not to name* any one of those families, though we asked him to do it. We took him, at first, for a sort of *spy*. William thinks he is a shopkeeper's clerk; I think he has been a tailor. I observed that he carried his elbow close to his sides, and his arms below the elbow, in a horizontal position. It came out that he had been with BUCHANAN, Castlereagh's consul at New York; but it is too ridiculous; such a thing as this cannot be a *spy*; he can get access no where but to taverns and boarding-houses."

This note now stands in my journal or diary of 22d August, 1817. I remember that he asked

me some very silly questions about the *prices of land, cattle*, and other things, which I answered very shortly. He asked my *advice* about the families emigrating, and the words I uttered in answer, were these: "Every thing I can say, " in such a case, is to *discourage* " the enterprize. If Englishmen " come here, let them come indi- " vidually, and sit down amongst " the natives: no other plan is " rational."

What I have heard of this man since, is, that he spent his time, or great part of it, in New York, amongst the idle and dissolute young Englishmen, whose laziness and extravagance had put them in a state to make them uneasy, and to make them unnoticed by respectable people. That country must be *bad*, to be sure, which would not give them *ease* and *abundance*, without *labour* or *economy*!

Now, what can such a man know of America? He has not kept house; he has had no being in any neighbourhood; he has never had any *circle of acquaintances* amongst the people; he has never been a *guest* under any of their roofs; he knows nothing of their manners or their characters; and how can such a man be a judge of the effects of their institutions, civil, political, or religious?

I have no doubt, however, that the *reviews* and *newspapers*, in the pay of the Boroughmongers, will do their best to propagate the falsehoods contained in this man's book. But, what would you say of the people of America, if they were to affect to believe what the *French General* said of the people of England? This man, in a book which he published in France, said, that all the English married-women *got drunk*, and *swore* like troopers; and that all the young women were strumpets, and that the *greater part of them had bastards before they were married*. Now, if the people of America were to affect to *believe this*, what should *we* say of them? Yet, this is just as *true* as this FEARON's account of the people of America.

As to the facts of this man's *visit to me*, my son William, who is, by this time in London, can and will vouch for their truth at any time, and, if necessary, to Fearon's face, if Fearon has a face he dare show.

Since writing the above, the New-York papers have brought me a specimen of Mr. Fearon's performance. I shall notice only his account of his *visit to me*. It is in the following words:

"*A visit to Mr. Cobbett.*—Upon arriving at Mr. Cobbett's gate, my feelings, in walking along the path which led to the residence of this celebrated man,

are difficult to describe. The idea of a person self-banished, leading an isolated life in a foreign land—a path rarely trod, *fences in ruins, the gate broken, a house mouldering to decay*, added to much awkwardness of feeling on my part, calling upon an entire stranger, produced in my mind feelings of thoughtfulness and melancholy. I would fain almost have returned without entering the wooden mansion, imagining that its possessor would exclaim, 'What intruding fellow is here coming to break in upon my pursuits?' But, these difficulties ceased almost with their existence. A female servant (an English woman) informed me that her master was from home, attending at the county court. Her language was natural enough for a person in her situation; she pressed me to walk in, being quite certain that I was her countryman; and she was so delighted to see an Englishman, instead of those 'nasty guessing Yankees.' Following my guide through the kitchen, (the floor of which, she asserted, was imbedded with two feet of dirt when Mr. Cobbett came there—(it had been previously in the occupation of Americans) I was conducted to a front parlour, which contained but a single chair and several trunks of sea clothes. Mr.

“Cobbett's first question on seeing me was, ‘Are you an American, sir;’ then, ‘What were my objects in the United States? Was I acquainted with the friends of liberty in London? How long had I left?’ &c. He was immediately familiar. I was pleasingly disappointed with the general tone of his manners. Mr. C. *thinks meanly of the American people*, but spoke highly of the economy of their government.—He does not advise persons in respectable circumstances to emigrate, even in the present state of England. In his opinion a family who can barely live upon their property, will more consult their happiness by not removing to the United States. He almost *laughs at Mr. Birkbeck's settling in the western country*. This being the first time I had seen this well-known character, I viewed him with no ordinary degree of interest. A print by Bartolozzi, executed in 1801, conveys a correct outline of his person. His eyes are small, and pleasingly good natured. To a French gentleman present, he was attentive; with his sons familiar; to his servants easy; but to all, in his tone and manner, resolute and determined. He feels no hesitation in praising himself and evidently believes that he is destined eventually to be the Atlas of the British nation. His faculty of relating anecdotes is amusing. Instances when we meet. My impressions of Mr. Cobbett are that those who know him, would like him, if they can be content to submit unconditionally to his dictation.

“‘Obey me, and I will treat you kindly; if you do not, I will trample on you,’ seemed visible in every word and feature. He appears to feel, in its fullest force, the sentiment,”

“I have no brother, am like no brother,
“I am myself alone,”

It is unlucky for this blade, that the parties are *alive*. First—let the “*English woman*” speak for herself, which she does, in these words:

I remember, that, about a week after I came to Hyde Park, in 1817, a man came to the house in the evening, when Mr. Cobbett was out, and that he came again the next morning. I never knew, or asked, what countryman he was. He came to the back door. I first gave him a chair in a back room; but, as he was a slippery looking young man, and as it was growing late, my husband thought it was best to bring him down into the kitchen, where he staid, till he went away. I had no talk with him. I could not know what condition Mr. Cobbett found the house in, for I did not come here 'till the middle of August. I never heard whether the gentleman that lived here before Mr. Cobbett was an American or not. I never in my life said a word against the people or the country: I am very glad I came to it; I am doing very well in it; and have found as good and kind friends amongst the Americans, as I ever had in all my life.

MARY ANN CHURCHER.

Hyde-Park, 6th January, 1819.

Mrs. Churcher puts me in mind, that I asked her what sort of a *looking* man it was, and that she said he looked like an *Exciseman*, and that Churcher exclaimed,—

"Why, you fool, they don't have any Excisemen and such fellows here!"—I never was at a *county court* in America in my life. I was out *shooting*. As to the *house*, it is a better one than he ever entered, except as a lodger or a servant, or to *carry home work*. The *path*, so far from being *trackless*, was as beaten as the highway.—The gentleman who lived here before me was an *Englishman*, whose name was *Crow*. But, only think of *dirt*, *two feet deep*, in a kitchen! All is false.—The house was built by Judge Ludlow. It is large, and very sound and commodious. The avenues of trees before it the most beautiful that I ever saw. The orchard, the fine shade and fine grass all about the house, the abundant garden, the beautiful turnip field; the whole a subject worthy of admiration; and not a single draw-back.

A hearty, unostentatious welcome from me and my sons. A breakfast such, probably, as the fellow will never eat again.—I leave the public to guess, whether it be likely, that I should give a chap like this my *opinions* about *government* or *people*! Just as if I did not know *the people*! Just as if they were *new* to me! The man was not in the house *half an hour* in the morning. Judge, then, what he could know of my manners and character. He was a long time afterwards at New York. Would he not have been here a *second time*, if I had been familiar enough to relate *anecdotes* to him! Such blades are not backward in renewing their visits whenever they get but a little encouragement.—He, in another

part of the extracts that I have seen, complains of the *reserve* of the *American ladies*. No "*social intercourse*," he says, between the *sexes*. That is to say, he could find none! I'll engage he could not; amongst the *whites* at least. It is hardly possible for me to talk about the public affairs of England and not to talk of some of my own acts: but, is it not monstrous to suppose, that I should *praise myself*, and show that I believed myself destined to be the *atlas* of the *British nation*, in my conversation of a few minutes with an utter stranger, and that, too, a blade whom I took for a decent tailor, my son William for a shopkeeper's clerk, and Mrs. Churcher, with less charity, for a slippery young man, or at best, for an Exciseman? As I said before, such a man can know nothing of *the people* of America. He has no *channel* through which to *get at them*. And, indeed, *why* should he? Can he go into the families of people at home? Not he, indeed, beyond his own low circle. Why should he do it here, then? Did he think he was coming here to live at *free quarter*? The black woman's hut, indeed, he might force himself into with impunity; sixpence would insure him a reception there; but, it would be a shame, indeed, if *such a man* could be admitted to unreserved intercourse with *American ladies*. *Slippery* as he was, he could not slide into their good graces, and into the possession of their fathers' soul-subduing dollars; and so he is gone home to curse the "*nasty guessing Americans*."

WM. COBBETT.